[Verse 1]

Too many sounds irritate my earholes Like Planet Rock beats from L.A. hoes The same old thing, same old sh*t I'm tired Was once on the payroll about to be fired Black radio shame, pop rap's to blame Program your playlist to sound the same With a disco tempo, cliche intro Wack rap tracks for commercial shows Mindless music for the ma**es has to take Time away from the real rap master So I'll stay cool for community airplay While ratings slip for the sh*t that you play This is a test a lesson to be observed No wack rhymes are heard I keep on raising the curve Back and forth I never stick I'm soft I just run it Punks'll shun it, gangs keeping girlies on it Paris is the dog, much doper than morphine Sick with the style so you can say you've seen The radical magical man, master of master plan So smooth from beginning to end This is a test, back it up when I'm in the place And all hail to the dog with the righteous ba** The boss I come across rough on your radio wave Terror on two-track whenever I'm played Punks keep stepping that's the reason why I Come through sicker than a L.A. drive-by By dropping bombs in songs y'all keep singing along So smooth it couldn't never go wrong

This is a test
[Verse 2]
Yo dig

When you buy a rap record do you buy it for dance moves
Or do you buy rap cause the lyrics are smooth
Cause if you wanna dance you should stick with the other one
And leave the dog alone till the dancing is done
But then when you're ready for the brother who leads
And feeds all rap lovers with rhymes like these
I dish a little taste of the ba** of Scarface
And pace the rhyme space to chase the weak-kneed

Cause I don't play -- Well my name ain't [Cool J] Or A-T-C, or N.W.A

I'm Paris, the Asiatic lord of light

With the power to fight and write rhymes to stay

Cause I'm hotter than lava when I be up on a microphone

By now you should know it the poet's doper than most

By dispensing of ignorance and by keeping the wack down

You enter to the realm of the Scarface sound

This is a test